

THE ORIOLE

In and out 'mong the cherry leaves Flashing—a dart of living flame-He sings, and his glad song never grieves: "Cheer, cheer, cheer, Cheer up, Cheer r"

He carois awake the laggard sun; When examing shadows stretch o'er the lawn vesper warblings can scarce be done "Cheer, cheer, cheer, Cheer up,

"There's a pendant nest in the cherry tree, A grave little mate and birdlings four; How can you leave them to sing," and he "Cheer, cheer, cheer, Cheer up. Cheer!"

"There's plenty of time in this world to sing." His black head bobs as much as to say— And then how the ling ring echoes ring As he flutters his wings and fles away: "Cheer, cheer, cheer, Cheer up, Cheer!"

Oriole, with your breast of flame, And notes that are ever so clearly giad, Thro's sun or shades you sing the same, If life be bright or if life to end: "Cheer, cheer, cheer, Cheer up.

-Good Housekeeping

BILL JENKS' STORY.

it was late in October, and the mountnin air was chilly, but the fire which we had built, and which reached up with its long tongues of flame half way to the dark pine top above, made the camp comfortable. We had stopped for the night just off the great Deadwood trail, a dozen miles from that place-that great wagon road which leads from the gold mines to civilization, over 200 miles among mountains and across plains, over government land and through Indian

"I'm goin' to bed an' to sleep tosaid Gene Brooks, a freighter, with three great freight wagons and twelve mules, which he drove alone, as is customary; "I set up all last night tellin' you fellers stories, but you can't rope me in that way to-night." had fallen in with Gene on the trail the day before. We looked at the fire, now burning lower, as we listened to the wind, unfelt below, singing through the pine tops the same low, sad refrain which the wind and the pines

"Hanged if there ain't a stray mule," said Gene, as he strained his eyes through the darkness toward the trail. "Looks some like one of Bill Jenks' leaders, too, but Bill den't let none of his mules get away. 'Sides, he's gone to Sundance this trip, though it must be bout time for him to get back-he hurries 'long kinder fast now-he gets lonesome, I reckon. I b'lieve I must tell you 'bout Bill 'fore I forget it," and Gene cut off a chew of tobacco with a pocketknife and rolled over and kicked his toes into the ground as he gazed at the fire, while the pines ceased their complaining song for a moment, and the murmuring of Bear Butte creek came to our ears as it bubbled along over the rocks a few yards away, all grayish, milky white, muddled by the silver mining along its head waters in the Gelena district-all the streams in the Black Hills run either the same grayish, milk white or blood red -silver or gold mining.

"You heard me mention Bill last night," went on Gene. "He's a good one-ain't 'fraid of nothing that walks. Been freghtin' ever since I have-nine year. Got a twelve mule outfit-three wagons. Bill ain't exactly quarrelsome, but if he has not anything acin' anybody he don't go round tryin' to forget it. cleans him out. Bill ain't never been licked on the trail. Carries a gun in the wagen to use in cases of necessity. Good feller if you know how to take him-I never had no trouble with him-but a queer an' not a man to monkey with 'less you're lookin' for mighty lively exercise."

Gene meditatively took off his hat and blew the dust from the wide brim-the red, powdery dust of the trail, the that is blown hither and thither, on everything, through every-thing; that is stirred by the treasure ceach and passenger couch, mule train and bull train, by the passing breeze and the gale as it sweeps down out of the canyon and whirls it along in great clouds that shut from sight coach and waron train, dusty passenger and dustier driver. Then he began again:

"Well, 'bout two year ago we was all freightin' from Pierre—nearest railroad town then, you know. Them was lively times at Pierre. Killed a man every night, buried him the nex' mornin', or mebby the day after, 'cordin' to how

busy they was, There was a girl at Pierre named Pearl Queen. Least that's what the bills said her name was, though I al'ays thought it was a little mixed bout it bein' right. She acted at the Alhambra theatre, you see. Danced on her toes remarkably pretty like. She'd been there some time, and we all knowed her more or less. She was a little thing, midlin' young, I jedged, though I al'ays calculated she looked a little sort o' faded. She was kinder quiet, though she had a pertty peart look, too. They said she shot a feller at Sidney, but Pete Ferris said it wa'n't her a tall, so I don't

know nothing 'bout it. "Anyhow, Bill Jenks got a'quainted with her one trip, and they jess seemed to muchu'ly fall in love with each other at first sight. Well, we didn't pay no attention to this, but we wa'n't quite ready for what follered. Bill got a load of merch'ndise for Lead City, an' the nex' mornin' pulled out, an' the p'int is right here: Settin' up on the saddle on the near white mule was Pearl Queen, jes' 'sif she'd al'ays been there; an' Bill was walkin' 'longside, mebby a little closer'n gen'ral, swearin' at the mules jes' 'sif he never pulled out no other

"Well, we all looked an' that's 'bout all we did do when we see 'em comin'there happened to be quite a lot of us in camp there an' we was jes' bookin' up

smart Alocs, an' a fightin' man, an' didn't like Bill none too well, nohow. He steps up when they comes along, an' says he: 'Mornin', Bill.' 'Mornin', Big Smith,' says Bill, and stops his team. 'I

don't know anything bad 'bout her,' says Bill, bitin' his teeth together hard. 'Well, I'— Crack! an' Bill hit him one on the jaw so we could all hear it, sayin' at the same time: 'What is it you know?' Big Smith fell like a log an' lay there for 'most a minute, Bill all the time waitin' for an answer. Pertty soon Big Smith got so he could kinder roll a little, an' then said: 'Bill it ain't worth mentionin'! Then Bill whistled to his mules and went on.

"Nothing but fights for Bill Jenks af-ter that. He had to stop an' lick the man that kep' the Red Corral 'fore he got out o' town, and he pounded two freighters at Willow Creek, an' at Bad River he an' the man that run the road ranch there fit twenty minutes, an' Bill finally got him up on the bank of the stream an' shoved him in an' that settled him. He would meet a man, the man would say something about Pearl or go to grinnin', an' Bill would stop an' step up an' whale him, come back, kinder mop off the thickest of the blood with his sleeve, swear at the mules an' go on, while Pearl reached down an' patted him on the shoulder an' cheered him up.

"Pearl staved with him right along. She didn't ride on the mule so much after the first trip 'cept when they were goin' inter town, when Bill always had her ride it, so that if there was anybody 'round wanted to make any remarks, that she would 'tract their 'tention an' they would make 'em, an' Bill would stop an' have it out with 'em. But it wasn't long 'fore folks got over sayin' much in Bill's hearin'-awful unhealthy practice. One day when they was pullin' into Rapid City one of these pictur' men tried to take their pictur' with Pearl on the mule, but Bill caught him at it an' went over an' kicked one o' the legs off his outfit, an' as that only left two on it, it didn't stand very steady, an' the cuss looked kinder sheepish, put it under his

arm an' made a sneak. "Bill al'ays fixed her up a nice place to ride in the trail wagon, an' when she wasn't there or on the mule she would walk 'long by his side. I s'pose it was very pleasant for her to hear Bill swearin' at the mules all day, 'cause she thought a heap of him. When one o' the rest of us camps, of course we al'avs have to rustle 'round an' cook our own bacon, but she done his cookin' right along, an' good cookin' it was too, 'cause Bill asked me to eat with them sev'ral times. Biscuits w'y she used to make biscuits that tasted, w'y, durn it all, they tasted 'most like they used to at home! Bill an' Pearl al'ays got along powerful fine together. They wasn't married reg'lar, you know. Bill said he didn't believe in any such monkey business, an' I reckon she didn't neither, but Bill told me it was going to be a steady thing; an' it was.

"Well, it was a hard life for the girl, al'ays on the road-cold an' stormy through the winter an' hot and dusty when summer come-never sleepin' in a house an' not hardly ever being in one at all, 'cept occasionally mebby a store, or freight depot, or something. But she seemed to stand it first rate an' not want nothin' else. Bill was mighty careful 'bout her stavin' in the wagon an' keepin' warm in cold or rainy weather, so I dunno, mebby the life was bout as easy as any she was used to. Her 'n' Bill was al'ays happy anyhow, an' I s'pose that's a better record than some folks that live finer an' are more solider married can

"Well, I reckon there aint so very

much more to tell, though it's kinder

hard work to tell it a tall. One night,

way long this summer I camped back here, near Sturgis. I got up early and pulled out for Deadwood, not thinkin' bout anything. I'd gone six or seven mile an' was gittin' 'long fine, when I come 'round a bend in the road right mong the biggest of the mountains, when what should I see but Bill Jenks outfit camped ahead a ways. It wa'n't no reg'lar campin' place, an' I couldn't make it out at first, but then I see Bill a-walkin' back'ards in' for'ards side o' arms, an' then, says I, 'I know what's represented, and of the cost of shipment near one an' hit each of 'em a crack with the whip, an' I'll be hanged if I didn't come up to where he was on the trot! I stopped an' was goin' to yell, an' then I thought I hadn't better 'cause it might not be the thing for such an occasion. Then I was glad I didn't, 'cause as Bill come over, I saw tears in his eyes. First I thought he felt bad, then I 'lowed he was glad, then I didn't know; but up side the mule an' I'll be tectotally blanked—yes, sir, I will—if he | roads."—Pittsburg Bulletin. didn't turn back some sort o' soft cloth on the bundle an' showed me the allfiredest, blankest, smallest, little cussbaby, you know-that you ever seen! That's what he done, an' eyes stuck out a foot, though I knowed, soon as I seen Bill walkin' what was comin', too. Then says Bill: "Gene, that's my boy. Don't cold and a torpid liver, is the commonest he lock jes' like me?" I was stuck for a type of disease. The population of the minute 'cause I couldn't see's it looked like anything 'cept jes' baby, but I braced up, an' says I: Bill, he's the pictur' of you 'cept his eyes—he's got his mother's eyes. 'Yes,' says Bill, his mother's eyes, an' mebbe her hair, too, only, it's awful short. Then I started to say something, but Bill stopped me, an' says he: 'Pearl is awful sick, an' I want you to get onto one o' my mules an' ride on to Deadwood an' git a doctor to

"So I done so, goin' 'bout as quick as mybody ever did with a mule that was kinder set ag'in goin' anyhow, an' got inck 'way ahead o' the doctor. When I come up there was nobody in sight. I waited a minute an' didn't hear nothin'. Then I tapped a little on the trail wagon an' Bill said, 'Come in,' sorter choked like, an' I put my head under the canvas

at the back end. "There sat Elll on the bottom of the wagon box with the baby on one arm, while he was a lookin' down at Pearlher head way a-layin' in his lap an' her face was so white that it scart me. Then she opened her eyes, an' at first they was hig an' wild like, but they got softer an' she looked at me an' said awful weak, so

I could jes' hear it: 'Gene,' says she, 'look after Bill a little an' cheer him up when I'm gone.' An' then she looked at the baby with her big eyes an' up at Bill, and tried to raise her hands, an' Bill saw what she wanted an' put one of her arms 'round the laby an' the other up 'round his own neck an' leaned over, an' I come -Bill had camped down by the freight away quick's I could an' went 'round to house. Pearl had on a new caliker the mules an' tried to make blieve I was away quick's I could an' went 'round to dress, mostly red and pretty like, an' I dress, mostly red and pretty like, an' I is very cheerin' on such a 'casion. An' than gen'ral, I thought. Big Smith was camped with us; he's one o' these 'ere the baby still on his arm—the little feller never whimpered-an' he set down on the wagon tongue an' his head kinder dropped in his hand, an' says he: 'Gene, there ain't nobody to take care o' me 'n'

the boy now! "We waited a while an' then I got a see you got Pearl Queen with you, says feller that came along to drive my outfit Big Smith. 'It does 'pear that way,' an' I took Bill's, an' he got in the wagon says Ball. I b'lieve I'm somewhat an' we went to Deadwood. The next g'quainted with Pearl myself, says Big day was Sunday an' we had a funeral. Smith, kinder smart like. 'I 'low you Ev'ry freighter that could be was there.

an' lots of other folks that knowed Bill come down where we held it. I had a preacher, too; Bill was doubtful, but I told him it 'u'd be better. When he come Bill took him to one side, an' says he, 'I want to tell you fore you begin. You know who I am an' who she wasmy wife-you've heard our story. Now I don't want you to preach no sermon, 'cause you might say something ag'in her when you didn't mean to an' it would be bad for you, an', of course, me, too; so jes' read a little out o' your Bible—I reckon that's all straight talk-an' if you must say something jes' say she was squar' an' never went back on Bill

"So that's about the way it was; the preacher read some an' then he sung a song I heard at church when I was a boy, an' some of us j'ined in a little, an' Big Smith whistled the tune kinder soft like, an' looked at the ground; an' then the preacher said that her that was gone must have been a good woman or the husband she left would not mourn her so much an' so deep, an' then he put on: 'She was always true to Bill Jenks,' an' that was all.

"We buried her down the gulch, a bit off from the trail in a little park 'mong some pines-Bill wouldn't have nothing with the reg'lar graveyards-he said folks might not want her there, an' they needn't have her. He dug the grave himself, so it would be right, he said. He sent clear to Omaha after a headstone an' it's a beauty-nicer 'n any

they got in the buryin' ground. "The baby, hey? You bet he's all light—the preacher's wife took him for a while an' then Bill got her an' her husband to go with him an' take the baby down to his folks in Iowa-all Bill's fam'ly down there are a good deal more on style an' all that sort o' thing than he is, an' they got lots o' money an' were tickled to death with the little cuss, an' are taking the best kind o' care of him an' when he gits big are goin' to send him to school, an' give him an edication an' a big start in life. The old folks wanted Bill to stav home too, but he said the life would kill him it was so reg'lar, so he's goin' down to see the little feller once a year. I wonder when he grows up an' gits wearin' fine clothes an' one thing 'n' another if he'll ever know any-'bout the start he had way out here by the trail in the big freight wagon all covered with dust? Oh, 'nother thing, Bill named him William Queen Eugene Jenks-nothing ornery bout that name, is there?-Frederick H. Carruth in New

Artist Versus Cattle Dealer. Artists can, in the course of a summer morning's walk in the country, find material for their best landscapes, and their training has been such that the knowledge so found can be applied to the best advantage. With eyes that see everything in nature, judgment that rejects the commonplace and takes cognizance of all that which is valuable, and with a memory that is as faithful to retain every effect as is the sensitized plate in the camera, such artists represent the highest type of Nature's pupils. A few pencil memoranda of subjects, taken hastily during the walk, is all that is needed to fix the scenes and locality, and serve in the reproduction of these in the studio. The opposite type is found in a worthy Pittsburger, a cattle dealer, who recently sat for his portrait. He had just returned from a trip that extended through the grandest and most impressive scenery of the great west, and the artist-a devout lover of nature-hoped to extract from his patron some fresh ideas of the grandeur of the Rockies and the canyons of Colorado. It was a hope-less longing. The cattle dealer's mind was an absolute blank as to nature's

He was overflowing with knowledge of quite a different order. He filled the artist with details of the cost of raising cattle in every state and territory of the west, of the best places and the poorest; the wagon with something white in his of the cost that each marketable steer up. Git, you mules!' An'I clim' on the of cattle from every western point to the nearest market. The artist was wearied with a surfeit of cattle knowledge and was constrained to ask about the mountains and the lakes and the scenic wonders of the land of cattle and canyons. It was useless. His patron, or de of his own narrow but practical field of observation, had seen nothing and could only reply, "Mountains? Really I did not notice them except to think that they seemed a good deal in the way of the rail-

The City of Quito. If it were not for the climate, Quito would be in the midst of a perpetual pestilence; but not withstanding the prevailing filthiness, there is very little sickness, and pulmonary diseases are unknown. Mountain fever, produced by city, however, is gradually decreasing, and is said to be now about 60,000. There were 500,000 people at Quito when the Spaniards came, and a hundred years ago the population was reckoned at double what it is now. Half the houses in the town are empty, and to see a new family moving in would be a sensation. Most of the finest residences are locked and barred, and have remained so for years. The owners are usually political exiles who are living elsewhere and can neither sell nor rent their property. Political revolutions are so common, and their results are always so disastrous to the unsuccessful, that there is a constant stream of fugitives leaving the state. - Curtis in American Magazine.

Meissonier's Method of Study. Meissonier, in order to study thoroughly the movements of the men and horses in the storming squadron in the picture "1807," he pursued, as he told us an en-tirely original method. First of all, in the autumn of the preceding year he had a large piece of ground near the city sowed with rye. In May, when it stood in green stalks, by permission of the commandant, he had a battery of artillery driven over it. Of the trampled stalks crushed by the wheels Meissonier made large and sufficient studies. He then procured permission from the military authorities to have a battery in garrison at Poissy ride over it, and directed the troops to shout "Vive l'Empereur." swinging their swords and trumpets. So, by repeated observations of these cuirassiers and horses, he impressed upon his mind the whole scene, at the same making the most complete studies of single horses and men, and of every part of their figures, in the uniforms of the French currassier regiments in the time of Napoleon.—Art Connoisseur,

A Lightsome Heart.

"Children," said a New Jersey school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully."
"Yes, indeed, dear teacher," responded a bright little Rahway scholar, "even the skeeters sing when they are at work."

MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE.

MEN WHO PREDICT THE EXTINCTION OF HUMANIY BY STARVATION.

Facts More Convincing Than The The Whole Matter of Food Supply Revolutionized-The Coming Man May Die of Overeating.

It seems strange that at a time when food of all kinds is cheaper and more plenty than it ever was before in the history of the world, and when famine nowhere exists, men of mind and learning should be predicting the extincion of humanity by starva-tion. Still the matter has recently been dis-cussed by Mr. Frederick B. Hawley in the Quarterly Journal of Economics and by Mr. Edward Atkinson in The Forum. Both writers refer at length to the writings of Malthus and Ricardo, the first of whom taught that there is a tendency of population to increase faster than the means of subsistence—the first increasing in a geometrical and the last in an arithmetical ratio—and the second of whom showed that land cuitivated for a series of years yielded diminish-ing returns in proportion to the amount of abor and capital expended upon it.

It is certainly difficult to refute the propo-

sitions of Malthus and Ricardo by arguments. They were acute reasoners and plausible writers. Facts, however, are more convinring than theories. The population of the world is much greater than when these men wrote and food is cheaper and more plenty. Science as applied to the raising of crops and to transportation has revolutionized the whole matter of the supply of food. Fifty years ago wise men informed their sons that the time would some come when they the time would soon come when they could eat white bread but half the time, for the reason that wheat enough could not be cut to supply the material to make it. There was then no implement for harvesting wheat but the sickle. But the horse harvester and self binder soon made wheat cheaper than corn was when the prediction was made.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT. Forty years ago a man with a hand hoe the only implement used—could only plant and cultivate four acres of corn. By the aid of machines one man now finds no difficulty in planting and tending forty acres. Experiments are now being made with machines for harvesting and thrashing corn, and within five years' time they will be brought to per-fection and in general use. Potatoes are now planted, cultivated, dug, sorted and bagged by machinery. The machine has done more for the field than for the shop in the matter of increasing production.

Skill in breeding and feeding has reduced the time necessary to prepare a steer for the market from four years to about eighteen months. A few years ago it was estimated that the product of five acres of land was necessary to support a cow or steer. Now the product of one acre, preserved in a silo, will keep the animal. Silage is the coming food for all animals kept on farms for the purpose of producing meat.

Producing new varieties of small fruits and melons and improving their cultivation have added much to the food supply of the world. Fruit is now almost as common on tables as bread. Melons, oranges, strawber-ries and grapes form parts of the poor man's Sugar is one of the cheapest articles of food, and the country is "flowing with honey," strained for its waxen comb and costing but four cents per pound. During the past few years grapes during their on have been about as cheap as potatoes and the prospect is that they will soon be included among the most common articles of

PRESERVATION OF PERISHABLE POODS. The process of canning fresh fruit, vege-tables, fish and meat has prevented about half the amount of these articles annually produced from going to waste and rendered their preservation practical for years. Cars and vessels fitted up as refrigerators now carry food products classed as perishable round the world. We can dine on fresh sale mon caught in the Columbia river ten years ago, green turtle captured in the West Indies at the same time, and pineapples raised in

Huxley tells us that the "harvest of the sea" has but just commenced, and our own Seth Green has apparently demonstrated that "water farming" is more profitable than land farming. He thinks that all will soon be convinced that an acre of water is capable of producing as much food as an acre of

Grain producing territory large enough to form an empire has just been brought into notice in several parts of the world. Agri-cultural experts state that Siberia is capable of supplying all the people in continental Europe with grain. A like statement is made in regard to Canada. Most of the land in the world once classed as "desert" has been found to be very productive. The first settlers in California thought the most of the soil would produce nothing. The state is now exporting vast quantities of

food.

There is no danger that the coming man will starve. It is more likely that he will die of overeating, thinking that it is his duty to do his part in "disposing of the surplus." Possibly the last man will laugh himself into an untimely grave while reading the absurd theories of Malthus and noticing how his predictions came out.—Chicago Times.

The Value of Advertising. "If you will tramp the city over and take notice of the business places you will find that where the show windows are finest, the stock of goods the freshest and the salesmen the quickest to make sales." The speaker the quickest to make sales." The speaker was a joker and we checked him to ask what kind of a patent medicine "all be was going to spring on us. We were fooled, for in all scriousness he continued: "There you will find an advertiser," We all agreed, and another friend said he had another way of telling. "If you will ride from Ashland avenue to State street and count the mercantile house having abstract like to I will I will be a street and count the mercantile house having abstract like to I will be to the sale with the sale will be to the tile houses having electrical lights I will venture that you can find the 'ads' of nine out of ten by searching the morning and evening papers."

We were standing in a cigar store and

the proprietor said he could go us one better.
"Two years ago my patrons were so few
that I scarcely made a living. One day two men got in a quarrel in my store and one shot the other, not fatally, but seriously. The patrol came, thousands gathered in front of the door, the reporters wrote up the affair elaborately and my little store and myself came in for a share of the publicity. came in for a share or the publicity. The next day hundreds dropped in as they passed to see the scene of the shooting. Many of them bought cigars. From that day on my store was "advertised," and for a year I made more money than in three years previous. I now keep a small 'ad' in several papers and you see my clerks are busy."—Chicago Jour-nal.

The operation was performed upon pa-tions at the dental rooms of Dr. J. Albert Kimball by his chief assistant, Dr. Attolin-Rimball by his chief assistant, Dr. Attolingua. The root cavities occupied by the decayed testh were despensed, and natural teeth frum other moutles, which had been extracted a considerable length of time, inserted. In one instance an inward growing sound tooth was extracted, a new root cavity bored and the same tooth inserted in an upright position. So shill fully indeed were these operations performed, that dentists who were permitted to examine the work after the lapse of a few days, failed to detect the newly installed member. We regard the achievement in dental surgery which dispenses with the objectionable plates and pivots, and replaces the lost members with stepchildren that good mother nature takes to so kindly, as the members with attention of the solution of the side of the si

In Dr. Younger's experiment the tooth to be replaced has long been extracted, and the socket filled up with bony substance. He drills into the jaw, gouges out a new socket, and then, taking a tooth that has long been extracted, he cleans it thoroughly, soaks it in bichloride of mercury, and inserts it in the socket just formed. This new tooth in due time becomes firmly anchored, and as servicebecomes firmly anchored, and as service-able as the original one before it became decayed. Dr. Younger holds that the tooth is held in its place by the soft tis-sum surrounding it, and that the artificial socket has nothing to do with anchor-

ing it.

The experiment described above was performed by Dr. G. M. Curtis, of Syracuse, N. Y., who afterward extracted the implanted tooth, and sent it to Dr. W. M. Gray, the microscopist of the surgeon general's office, who has made a very careful examination of it. His experiments proved beyond question that the tooth so implanted is revived, the circulation is established between the socket and the implanted tooth, and that the socket does take an active part in anchor ing the tooth. A tooth so implanted is much more firmly anchored in the jaw than one of the originals, and, in case referred to, the tooth was held so firmly that Dr. Curtis broke it in extracting it. Dr. Gray does not doubt that the soft tissues do take an active part in the operation, but he has proved his propositions in regard to the bone and the tooth beyond all question.-Hall's Journal of Health.

An Orator's Good Voice.

There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the house through the lack of it, while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of 21. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same tin it conveyed every inflection of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the cecasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt all the night afterward as if a heavy cannenade had been resounding in his cars. Garrick used to say he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the reso nance of a silver trumpet.—Gentleman's

Our Coal Mines.

Coal is now found in about thirty different states of the Union and seven territories. In 1887 the little state of Rhode Island supplied 6,000 tons out of the total product of 123,965,255 tons .-Arkansaw Traveler.

Dr. Meunier mentions a case in which rats became tuberculous from eating the cast off poultices of an infirmary.



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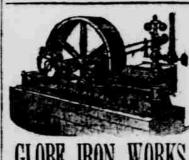
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